

*c. Albert Caldwell*

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## Original Poetry.

### THE OLD SAW-MILL.

In a quiet spot on a lonely road,  
Where the hum of life is still,  
Where the May-blossom thickly the spring  
has strewed,  
And the silent water for ages flowed,  
There stands the ancient mill.

Hushed is the cry of the busy wright,  
And the voice of the flying saw,  
Lonely and weird by day and night,  
'Neath the golden sun or the moonlight white,  
It touches the heart with awe.

O'er the crumbling mould of its rafters bare  
The clustering mosses breathe,  
And they quietly gather year by year,  
Like the grasses o'er our buried dear,  
And cover the death beneath.

And year by year as the seasons fly,  
And the warm sun wakes the spring,  
I visit the spot with a tearful eye,  
And gather the blossoms that whisper nigh  
In the silent song they sing.

For my heart is now like the ancient mill  
All marred by the hand of time,  
Like a shattered ruin it standeth still,  
While the light and shadow alternate fill  
From the morn of a golden prime.

When hope like the tooth of the flying steel  
Stayed not for the knots of care,  
And the mill-race of youth turned swift the  
wheel

Of a spirit that had not learned to feel  
The canker and mould and wear.

But now on the crumbling rafters bare  
Of the joys that are passed away,  
The mosses of memory cluster fair,  
And they silently gather year by year,  
And cover the sad decay.

### THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

GLANCING down the dim vista of  
memory, there come many pictures of  
the past floating through the mind. Some  
are sharp and well defined, others are  
clothed in the misty garments of forget-  
fulness. Some cause pain, and we turn  
away from them wishing that they might  
be blotted from the canvas of life. Others  
present glad colors, and we love to linger

round them drawing happiness from their  
beauty and freshness, so that many times  
when life seems dreary and the flame of  
hope burns dim in our hearts, sad with  
failures and discouragements, those happy  
scenes of the past glide into the weary  
soul, stealing away the present sadness  
and casting a flood of glad light upon our  
dark pathway, and we inspired by their  
memory take up the lightened burden of  
cares and go trustfully on.

Among many pictures of the past there  
is one strongly delineated on the canvas  
of memory—it is the old school house and  
around it cluster a group of memories that  
will never grow dim.

It is a little red building almost square,  
one story high, surrounded by a fence  
which bears marks of a frequent applica-  
tion of the axe and jack-knife, and  
worn by the constant chafing of the tilt-  
ing boards. The play-ground, rough with  
hillocks, and carpeted with short dusty  
grass worn here and there by the bases of  
ball-players, and marked by the whirling  
horse-shoe used in the place of the more  
classic quoit, brings up recollections of  
many hard contests over the foot-ball.  
In imagination we can feel the tingling  
touch of the snow ball upon our ear, and  
hear the loud cry of triumph, as the ene-  
my's fort yields to the snow artillery.  
No trees are around it, to cast their grate-  
ful shade on the group of hot and weary  
players during the sultry days of August,  
or to ward off the wintry blasts of March.  
Who ever thought of planting trees  
about such a place as the school house.  
At a short distance off we see the pond,  
surrounded by trees, where in the Summer  
we took practical lessons in the art of  
navigation, and whose glassy surface, in  
the winter, tempted the truant to enlarge  
his bumps of knowledge more expediti-  
ously than by plodding over dull books.

So much for the exterior and surround-  
ings, let us take a peep within. We step  
into this "thinking shop of the soul"  
through a door marked with many strange  
devices, the first movings of the artistic  
spirit in some young breast, whose imagi-  
nation crystalizes itself into those fantastic  
forms.

The ceiling is low and dusty, in the  
centre of which is a square black hole  
leading to the regions above. This is

termed the ventilator, a dark place filled  
with terrors for the young transgressors,  
and rife with plots against the ruling  
powers set on foot by the leaders in the  
opposition. At one end raised on a plat-  
form is the teacher's desk and chair, near  
which stands his sceptre a birch rod, fa-  
mous for its many educational powers  
"thrashing the seeds of knowledge into  
the stupids at the end opposite to their  
head." Behind the teacher's desk is  
the black-board flanked by the ball frame  
dark and fearful, inquisitionally used to  
draw forth the hidden mysteries of  
mathematics.

Around the room is run a long desk  
behind which are ranged benches, all car-  
ved and marked full of names, the only  
scroll of fame on which many of them  
will be handed down to posterity, and  
though the rule of birch was strict, the  
temptation to try a new jack-knife de-  
spite the consequences often prevailed. A  
ragged map or two, together with a stove  
but slightly acquainted with blackening,  
finishes the picture. No globe excepting  
a rosy apple confiscated to the public be-  
nefit, by some unhappy urchin whose  
cravings in an unguarded moment over-  
came his discretion.

Around this homely scene sweet memo-  
ries cling like the ever-green round the  
withered oak, hiding its deformity and  
giving it life and beauty. It loses all its  
dreariness, when we think of it as filled  
with happy light hearted children intent  
on study, or rushing out to play, filling  
the air with jubilant sounds.

### PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

CHARLES READE in employing these  
words as a title for his famous novel,  
embodied therein a principle, related not  
alone to the special case of social evil  
which forms the purpose of his work, but  
one which is of world wide application  
and universal value. In truth it requires  
no very extensive powers of observation  
or reflection to discover that a large pro-  
portion of the marring and disturbing  
influences which enter into the social  
relations of life, arise from the failure to  
observe in its spirit, this excellent precept,  
Put yourself in his place. Consider the